REVIEW.

Saturday, October 25. 1712.

I Mov'd in my laſt on this Head; that one Way to diſcourage the Hopes of the Pretender, was for every Party, however they differ in other Things, to ſhew the World they agree in this, d to join, ſo far at leaſt, as all of them to do ſome-ing, to convince one another they are not for the tereſt of the *Pretender*.

It is not the Way to keep him out, as I have alrea-noted, to be ſaying of one another, and to one a-ther every Day, You will bring him in, and You ll bring him in: Tho' we differ about Peace and ar, and many other Things, ſhall we agree in no-ing? If we ſhall not agree againſt *the Pretender*, ſhall agree in nothing: This is a dreadful Caſe, d a ſure mark of our Deſtruction at Hand; What, ll ye not agree to quench a Flame, when the Street n Fire? How can you then expect but to be burn't t?

Some People cry out, *the Miniſtry are for the Pre-ender*; others ſay the *Phanaticks*, as they call them, e for *the Pretender*: The *Tories* ſay, the *Presbyte-ans* in *Scotland* are for *the Pretender*, I ſay, *God ep but the Pretender out, till they bring him in*; the *esbyterians*, on the other Hand, ſay, and with but much Senſe, the *High-Flyers* will bring him; but od People conſider, unleſs you can come to ſome o-er Temper than ye are yet in, you will all bring m in.

It is none of my Buſineſs, to ſay, the *Miniſtry* will t bring in the *Pretender*: Thoſe who ſay I am riting for the Miniſtry, will neither find them eking my Defence, or me ſo officious to defend them: wiſh the Miniſtry would, *as I hope ſtill*, do ſome ction in favour of the Succeſſion, that ſhould make l Men bluſh when they Charge them; That they ould take ſome remarkable Step, to make all the *acobites* aſham'd to value themſelves upon any Pro-eſs from the *Miniſtry*, and to make the reſt of the lation aſham'd, ſo much as to ſay, that they are a-aid: I am not at a Loſs to ſay what I mean, but it not my Buſineſs to lead the Government, Occaſi-s do not always offer for ſuch Things, but I hope ey may, and if *the Miniſtry* deſire the People ſhould be eaſie, *as what Miniſtry ever did not*, they will let ſlip no occaſion that ſhall happen.

But why are we ſo anxious about the Pretender juſt now? Has any Man Calculated the Queen's Nativity? Is her Majeſty in a Fever, (God preſerve her,) or in a Conſumption? Is ſhe Ancient, that we muſt be every Day talking of her Demiſe? Has any body Propheſied the Time of her Exit? My *Highlander* ſays nothing of it, and I believe he ſees as far as any of you—— Now as to *the Miniſtry*, this ſeems enough to any Rational body, to quiet us on that ſide, for no Man can be ſo wild to Tax them with a Deſign to bring in the Pretender while the Queen lives, and her Majeſty being in good Health, (long may it continue) what Danger there may be on that ſide, ſeems too remote, to make us ſo very uneaſie about it.

And this leads me to my old Argument, *viz.* That our real and immediate Danger of the *Pretender*, lies another Way, *viz.* In the prevailing growing Intereſt of the Pretender, among the common People, and hither, indeed, I would fain turn your Thoughts; not at all moving you to neglect any other Dangers; and let no Man put you off of this, as a Chimera, let any honeſt Man who Converſes with the Country People, and with the Mob, in every part of *England*, ask himſelf the Queſtion; *Are they as they us'd to be? Are their Notions the ſame? Are their* Averſions to the Pretender the ſame? *Is their* Remembrance of King *William* and the Revolution, the ſame as ever?

Ay, *ſays one*, that is true, but who has Debauch'd them? Now tho' that is not at all to the Queſtion, yet my Anſwer to it is direct enough; What is it to ſaving my Houſe, to ask who ſet it on Fire? *Why, Rogues ſet it on Fire*, and what then? My firſt Work is to quench it, and ſave my Goods, and look for the Rogues at Leiſure: Your Work is to open the Eyes of the poor Country People, undeceive them, ſcatter the Deluſions and the Miſts which overſpread the Nation; lay Truth before them, Argue with them, perſuade them; let them know, they are ſetting the Knife to the Throat of their Religion and Liberties for ever; that they are ſelling their Children into Slavery,

Slavery, and changing their *Proteſtant Religion* for *Popery*; that when they liſten to the Inſinuations of the Day, and to the Perſwaſions of a Sett of Emiſſaries, who are now ſpread amongſt us, they, like the Sailors of Old, are charm'd with the *Syren*'s Voice, till they fall inſenſibly into Deſtruction: And when you have done this, and recover'd the poor People from the Deluſion, then puniſh the Rogues that deluded them alſo.

I cannot think, you that are *Proteſtants*, can want Arguments to uſe with the common People, to open their Eyes; but where is the Man among you, that attempts to do this? All your Prints, all your Writings and Writers, *at leaſt, all that pleaſe you*, are taken up with another Work, a Work, in which they have ſo little Succeſs, and you muſt have ſo little Satisfaction, I mean, Perſonal Invectives, that I cannot but wonder, to ſee the Age pleaſe themſelves with ſuch fruitleſs Raillery.

Alas for the Reliſh of this Age! —— Any Thing of Railery or Exclamation; any Thing of Salt and Bitterneſs, againſt this or that Great Man, or publick Management; how it pleaſes, how you roll it like a ſweet Morſel under your Tongue, and how you flatter yourſelves with the Succeſs of it?

I can compare this to nothing, but to the Pride and Vanity with which I ſee Men boaſt of the common Gift of Nature; as of Strength of Body, Swiftneſs of Foot, and the like, when if they will but look round them, they may ſee the very Beaſts out-do them at the ſame Excellencies, as the Horſe and the Hounds; and when they ſet themſelves to vye with theſe, they appear to be like nothing.

When you have exerted all your Railing Talents, when your *Writers* have thought themſelves Champions in Scandal, in ſome Ballad, or dreſs'd up Story: ——Why even the Beaſts out-do you; even *A—l* and the *Examiner*, the Horſes and Hounds of your Enemies get the better of you, and why will you fight any longer at thoſe filthy Weapons, and with ſuch Enemies.

I have often told the Men of this Day, that Railing and Lying, forging of Letters, and blowing of Scandal, was never the Weapons of the *Whigs* before; their Cauſe was always founded upon Liberty, and carried on by Truth, and they always got Ground by thoſe two; whether they were doing or ſuffering they had the Advantage; even when they were oppreſs'd, they ſecretly made Impreſſions upon the worſt of their Oppoſers, and at laſt, this gave them the Victory.

But now! whether are we going? And by what wretched Methods, is the juſt Cauſe of Truth and Liberty defended? Is there any wonder why we loſe Ground? Why the *Tories* gain the People from us? Why *the very Jacobites* grow upon us?—— While we fly to Lies, Forgeries and Scandal! while we fly in one another's Faces with ſuch implacable Fury! while we abuſe every Friend that cannot go our Length, with the Reproach of being for the Enemy! while the *Whigs* ſell your Strength, and give up thoſe who ſtood faſt for you, (*the Diſſenters*,) that you might walk with the Crutches of a *Tory* Cripple! Is this the Way to keep your Parts together, and to be able to oppoſe the Encroachments of your Enemies? No, Gentlemen, it is not the Strength of *the Tory Intereſt* that has Overthrown You, but Your own Weakneſs and Dividing, Your own Jealouſies and diſtruſt of one another, Your own want of Concert and Confidence with, and in one another, and this will forever Ruin your Intereſt and keep you low.

And now your Enemies, who firſt, by this, made their Market of you, by the ſame, they carry away the People from You; they repreſent You as a divided inconſiſtent Party, built upon no Foundation and acting by no Principle; aiming at nothing but to get ſome People out, that others may get into Place, but valuing not to have Things go on for the publick Good, unleſs acted by your own Inſtruments; and wiſh there was not too much Truth in the Charge.

And what are ye doing all this while? Truly, inſtead of oppoſing this Torrent, and keeping the poor deluded People right in their Senſes, you run on in Clamour, at Perſons and Meaſures, and keep your Eyes upon the Great Men that oppoſe you, but not a Man of you turn your Thoughts upon the Ground which you loſe daily in the Country; and how your People are Debauch'd, by *Popiſh* and *Jacobite* Agents, from their Foundation Principles, in Matters of Government and Conſtitution; and thus you will have the whole Nation run open handed to the Pretender before you well know where you are.

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